Ru. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack*.

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat hee is no-come, by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wiſe Sir; hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him. take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare, heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Maſter Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Maſter Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtocke, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant: Is hee dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld: he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king-Vrinall; *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that mee haue ſtay ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (Maſter Doctor) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions: is it not true Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow*; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter

great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (Maſter *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (Maſter *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr ſter *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found ſo, (M. *Page*) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home, I am ſworn of the peace, you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman; you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman; ſcuruy-Iack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper de claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me doe looke he ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Maſter Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, and eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor hee is in; and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields; will it doe well?

Shal. Wee will doe it.

All. Adieu, good Maſter Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die; ſheath thy impatience, throw cold

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